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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 2, 1899. NUMBER 10.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1899. NUMBER 10.

It is a significant sign of the times that "Our Heredity From God," a book that first appeared fifteen years ago and then seemed charged with heresy, has not only maintained itself, but is making new constituency. The sixth edition will soon be published, with the author's portrait and autograph. We also learn that Mr. Powell has two more books ready for publication.

George H. Shibley, in a timely leaflet entitled, "Sectarian Aspects of Imperialists' Polity," calls attention to the painful complications of the problem of religious liberty brought upon us by the prosecution of the war in the Philippines. Military exigencies seem to require the recognition of the Catholic Church only. According to the "Independent" of October 19th, the sale of Protestant testaments and the distribution of Protestant literature are forbidden. We believe in protecting the rights of the Catholic Church, but we do not believe in protecting its monopoly. Free trade in religion, as elsewhere, is the only guaranty of progress on long lines.

The Presbyterian Synod of Illinois, meeting recently at Joliet, took a decided step forward in voting to replace for the future its time-honored routine with a program of living topics and a full discussion of current issues. Indications are numerous that the demand is growing for less mechanical detail in ecclesiastical gatherings, and more direct grappling with current problems, the great throbbing interests that are beginning so strenuously to press home to men's business as well as bosoms. The vigorous arraignment of the Theological Seminaries by President Hyde at the Congregational Council, followed a few days later by a strong protest in the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance at Washington, against the speculative and out-worn topics which occupied its time, are significant of a new spirit and a new view-point.

The "Enquirer," published in London, announces the opening of the war upon the Boers "with bitter humiliation." It further says: "When Lord Rosebery appeals to the people of this country to close up their ranks in the face of such an attack upon the empire, we confess that the words sound to us as hollow and meager. Our deepest sympathy is now with our brethren in South Africa, both Dutch and British, who are directly involved in the tragedy of this conflict, needless as it has appeared to us and therefore iniquitous." We dare say our English contemporary will be impaled upon the spears of some newspapers and a few preachers as traitorous. Is it treason over there, is it treason anywhere to grieve over the mistakes of one's country and to plead with it to repent and make amends for the same?

The Rev. G. R. Pike, whose work entitled "The Divine Drama" was so favorably noticed in these columns by Mr. Chadwick some time ago, is now the pastor of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Last Sunday Mr. Pike preached on "Out Spokenness," and he practiced what he preached. He said in part:

"The church's partial paralysis and loss of efficiency is due mainly to the divided mind characterizing ministry and people alike. It results naturally from the readjustments of religious beliefs made necessary by new conceptions affecting the great essentials of spiritual life. This is a condition familiar to the student of church history. Times of wavering convictions are always times of slackened aggressiveness. The church has not lost its spirituality. The ministry has not lost consecration, energy nor zeal. Unhappily, they stand between two worlds, 'one dead, the other powerless to be born.' They confront a dual audience.

"The fundamental mistake is unwillingness to trust the people with the full findings of scholarship, lest their faith turn to infidelity. They can be trusted not to cut themselves with truth's keen edge."

It is a redeeming note of the times that permits us to record the recent gift of Nathan M. Frear to the Provident Hospital, Chicago, of a sum of twenty thousand dollars or more to be used in the erection of the Esther Frear Hall in memory of his mother. This hall is to be used as a home dormitory and assembly room for the student and graduate nurses of this institution, established and managed by colored people, but not for colored people alone, but for suffering humanity of all colors and races. The hospital has a solid place in the confidences of the community and in the respect of the medical fraternity. Nearly seventy per cent of its patients during the last year have been white. Only one hundred and eighty-three out of four hundred and fifty patients were Afro-Americans. About the same percentage represents the white element on the medical staff. The superintendent of nurses, Miss N. J. Price, is a graduate of the training school of St. Luke's Hospital. The president of the Board of Trustees, Lloyd G. Wheeler, is a name familiar to those who are acquainted with the history of All Souls Church, and the work represented by UNITY and the Liberal Congress. The donor of this hall is a son of one of the brave men who stood up for the rights of the colored man in days when such a standing up was considered as treason to the government and disloyalty to the white man's civilization. The spirit of the donor can best be indicated by the following extract from his own letter:

"It gives me great pleasure to do this thing, as it is entirely within my recollection when my mother, Esther Frear, furnished hospitality to such eminent men as Frederick Douglas and Henry Bibb, and asylum and food to the more humble runaway slaves, co-operating fully with my father, L. C. Payne Frear, in his great labors for the slave."

The political press is making merry over Senator W. E. Mason's announcement that if the Republican party should in its future deliberations make forcible invasion and military annexation an organic part of its policy, he will feel called upon to resign his seat in the United States Senate out of respect to the wishes of the constituents that elected him, but that as an anti-expansionist he would present himself as a candidate for re-election. Such a step has already been taken by Michael Davitt, the great Irish leader in the English House of Commons. He has taken this method to enter his protest against what he considers the inhumanity of the present assault of the English upon the life of the Dutch republic. We believe in the sincerity of Senator Mason in this proposition and it represents a sense of political honor not so common that patriots can afford to sneer at it, although it may be beyond the comprehension of a partisan. Though on any scheme of proportional representation Senator Mason may well feel called upon to remain in the Senate to represent the minority element in the Republican party. When the true democracy is realized the rights of the minority will be better guarded than they are now by our clumsy and inadequate methods of nomination and election. UNITY deplored the belligerent vehemence of Senator Mason before the war was begun. We still regret that the war was ever begun, believing that more diplomatic wisdom and the expenditure of a tithe of the money already expended would have brought freedom to Cuba and would have induced Spain to relinquish the tasks for which she was inadequate without the horrible waste of life, the brutalizing of human sensibilities and the confusion of the human conscience by the appeal to arms. So all the more we respect the independence of Senator Mason, who at great party sacrifice and at the cost of the co-operation of his old political associates, now stands up and out while he calls a halt. Once he believed that it was possible for the United States to wage a war for humanity and stop before it became a war for conquest and aggression. Now that he sees his hope was not well founded, we honor the manliness that speaks out and makes the unpopular protest. Even though the Republican party as a party should commit itself to violent aggression and permanent annexation which we doubt, we think Senator Mason would still be needed in Congress to represent the out-voted minority of the Republican party. But should it appear to him and to others that he has no constituency to represent, then we admire that honor and honesty that retires from the coveted chair rather than remain in it as a sponsor for actions, not theories, which seem to him to pervert the Declaration of Independence and to degrade, if not destroy, the fundamental claim of a republic.

To Any College President.

Dear Sir:—UNITY notices with pleasure that you in connection with most of your associates have indorsed as timely the word of warning uttered by President Hadley in his inaugural address at Yale concerning the encroachment of the class feeling and extravagant standards in college life or else entered a disclaimer as regards your own college by showing that poor boys are not only welcome but honored and that college expenses are kept down to the minimum. We hope that your protest or disclaimer may find wide circulation without, and serious consideration within your college borders.

But you will pardon us if we venture to suggest that the growth of the so-called fraternities, the accumulating interest in the brawny side of athletics represented particularly by football, the extravagance of class feeling and college politics all testify to the danger of an extravagance and coarseness that threatens the life of those who attend your college.

The telegraph just brings us the sad news of the drowning of Edward Fairfax Berkeley of St. Louis, at Geneva, N. Y., as a result of the meaningless bravado and absurd tests of fraternity initiations. The columns of the Chicago papers are sensational at the same time with accounts of the violent enthusiasm of the students last Saturday night as the result of the day's triumphs, or at least lack of defeat on the Marshall field, where Pennsylvania and Chicago "tied a great game of football." The same papers contain a forecast that must be tantalizing to certain youthful enthusiasms excluded and somewhat ominous to certain fathers and mothers who still hold some old-fashioned ideas of womanly gentleness and of certain grace, refinement and delicacy that should belong with the young ladies that are lured to the higher realms of thought and culture. This same forecast tells that the Coeds of the Chicago University are planning for "a gay time on Hallowe'en; that one-half of the girls in each hall are to become men; that football suits are to be donned and other realistic illustrations of the favorite game to be indulged in." There are insinuations that there will be nothing wanting, that "nose guards, head gear and shin guards will be in evidence." Further along we are told that "eight girls are expected to do the cake walk."

Some time ago the writer of this article was shown through the recently acquired fraternity house of one of the most popular organizations in connection with a great institution of learning. The boys, twenty-five or more in number, considered themselves in great luck because they had been able to get possession of a residence just vacated by a millionaire, the equipments of butler's closets and smoking rooms were spoken of with enthusiasm. The sobrieties and strict habits of this fraternity were dwelt upon by the guileless lad who served as our guide with confidence because "there were five or six of them who never smoked and two or three who did not even drink a glass of beer," and that "several of them could get through the year on less than a thousand dollars." Our informant expected by dint of great economy to come within the eight hundred dollar limit.

UNITY anticipates your explanation and perchance defense of this scholastic rowdyism that occasionally breaks the street car windows and makes night hideous with noises, disturbing the innocent sleepers in respectable districts and necessitating the calling out of the police. We know that "boys will be boys," and that

"girls will be girls," but have we not a right to expect that colleges should exert a refining influence upon the boys and girls, preserve their lives to simplicity and courtesy, make them sensitive to other people's feelings and comforts, at least, to be fair representatives of the politeness and refinement that obtain in homes touched by religion and culture?

UNITY is not puritanic, but it is old-fashioned enough to believe that the girl had better stay away from college than to have her maidenhood submerged in slang and mannish defiance to the refinements of life, and the boy had better go without his Greek and Latin if in receiving them he must also acquire expensive tastes, reckless habits and a tainted breath. Is it expecting too much of our colleges and universities that they should at least give back to the homes the sons and daughters offered them with their ethical enthusiasms heightened, their moral sense quickened and the reverences of life somwhat developed?

We know how unjust it is to hold your institution responsible for the dissipations and the practical materialism rampant in the society that environs president, professors and students, but has not the public a right to expect from our college presidents and professors that respect for simple habits, chastened tastes and refined language that will tend to depress and discourage any violence of the same on the part of the students? If the clinking glasses, the Tophet like volume of smoke that rises from the convivial table belong to the permissible and commendable delights of college presidents and professors, can they be very bad for their students, or if they are reprehensible practices of the latter is it asking too much that they should be foregone so far as possible by the former?

The drowning of young Berkeley will be excused and explained as an "accident." It will be soon forgotten by all except the torn hearts of the parents and those of the family circle. But it was not an accident. It was a symptom of degeneracy, as evidence of misplaced enthusiasm. He was a victim of certain frivolous and hilarious tendencies in American life to-day that are related to the forces that brought the Roman Empire to its decadence and that are making aristocracy a scandal in Europe and wealth a menace everywhere.

In the reaction from the severities and somberness of Puritanism we look to you to save us from the degeneracy that has made Epicureanism a term of reproach, that devitalizes thought with cynicism and degrades independent investigation into a practical skepticism that discounts the realities of life with a yell and dismisses the grave problems of the day with a pun and parries the call to duty with a joke.

The Second Dooley Book.*

It was Coleridge who laid down the dictum, undisputed and indisputable, that in an estimate of any literary work the author's character is a matter of supreme indifference, just as any other output should be judged by what it is and not by who made it. Mr. Yerkes' telescope looks out beyond his base life and "Triumphant Democracy" does not stop the holes in Mr. Carnegie's armor plate. But when a man arises as a teacher and a preacher we somehow demand that his teachings and preachings be from the heart. "Mr. Dooley" is more than literature pure and simple; it is a brave and venturesome excursion into the realm of ethics and we have a right to ask how much of it is meant, and who the explorer is.

Peter Dunne is a Chicago newspaper man, the acknowledged leader of the younger men of his profession. He has worked up from the bottom of the ladder because of his ability and character. He holds his place among his colleagues because he deserves it, and there is no harder place to hold. To be a literary lion among "tuft-hunters" is a cheap form of popularity, but to be admired and respected by the bohemian, iconoclastic and untamable newspaper men is worth while. Dunne is of Irish descent as it is unnecessary to remark. He possesses the charms and virtues of the Irish character. He is loyal and spontaneous. But he is no apologist for the faults of the "ruling race."

In the line of his profession he has been on a perpetual hunt for hypocrisy and meanness. Mr. Allerton, with his "Widow and Orphan Stockholders," and John Powers with his sordid charity are equally subjects of his merciless wit. His work has been broader and more effective than that of a watcher from the housetop. The hand that has described things as they are, has betimes, after the habit of his beloved Archey Road, "thrun" many a brick where it would do the most good. For as an honest and a strong man Dunne has not resigned himself to the cynical complacency of the newspaper habit, but has suffered the tortures of him who would make things better. Every movement toward trampling under the base in our civic life has had his whole-hearted support. He is a real reformer, gifted with virtues too rare in reformers, a sense of proportion and human charity. So much for the preacher; now for his text.

This second "Dooley Book" is better than its predecessor, because less along the lines of immediate questions. It contains many of the earlier short sketches in which he told the simple annals of the Irish poor with delicate appreciation of the kindness found in poverty, "back of the dumps and west of the tracks." It contains some sweeping literary criticism. Of especial value is an unsparing estimate of Kipling, written before he had made his vice of opportunism so painfully evident in those more recent effusions on "The White Man's Burden" and the death sentence on the Transvaal. The sketch of "Skekel Island" will forever stand as one of the bitterest bits of political satire in the language. And the depth of the philosophy in "The Dreyfus Case" will escape us if we do not read clearly the gall and wormwood administered to our Pharisaical self-satisfaction in the few sentences that tell us to "heal ourselves." This book marks a broadening horizon and a firmer grip of international questions.

Some day the millions of friends of Mr. Dooley will hear with regret that the genial host of Archey Road has solemnly wiped off his bar for the last time, has hung his apron against the ice box and will learn what we in Chicago have long known, that a big man, a sincere man, and a brilliant man named Finley Peter Dunne, has great things to tell the world that need not be sugar-coated with a brogue.

The book is short; it is all extracts, and it is an ungrateful task to make extracts of extracts.

In the line of human nature and sympathy the following seem typical:

Molly Donahue is rebuked by Father Kelly for her bicycle uniform.

"May th' Lord forgive ye, Molly Donahue," he says, "this night!" he says. "Child, where is ye'er dhress?" "Tut, tut!" says th' good man. "Molly," he says, "ye look well on that there bicycle," he says. "But 'tis th' first time I

*"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen." By F. P. Dunne. Published by Small Maynard & Company, Boston.

ever knowed ye was bow-legged," he say, says th' soggarth aroon.

"Well, sir, she wint into th' house as if she'd been shot fr'm a gun, an' th' nex' mornin' I see Doheny's express wagon haulin' th' bicycle away."

A touch of the pathos of the emigrant:

"Through th' storm there was a babby cryin'. 'Twas a little wan, no more thin a year ol'; an' 'twas owned be a Tipp'rary man who come fr'm near Clonmel, a poor, weak, scarey-lookin' little divvle that lost his wife, an' see th' bailiff walk off with th' cow, an' thin see him come back again with th' process servers. An' so he was comin' over with th' babby, an' bein' mother and father to it. He'd rock it be th' hour on his knees, an' talk nonsense to it, an' sing it songs.—"

After the storm:

"Thank Gawd," says I, "that it left none worse off thin us." "It blew ill f'r some an' aise f'r others," says he. "Th' babby is gone."

From "The Union of Two Great Fortunes:"

"Th' goold chandeliers is draped with r-ropes iv dimon's an' pearls. Th' hired girl is passin' dhrinks in goolden goblets. Twinety firemen fr'm th' New York Cinthral Railroad is shovellin' di'mon-studded pickle crutes into th' back yard, among th' yachts an' horses. Chansy Depoo enthers an' thrips over a box iv bonds. 'Ar-re these th' holy bonds iv mathrimony?' he says; f'r he is a wild divvle, an' ye can't stop his jokin', avin on solemn occasions."

Concerning the dowry:

"I suppose th' check is good," says th' clargyman. "'Tis certified," says th' weepin' father. "Do ye take this check," says the clargyman, "to have an' to hold, until some wan parts ye fr'm it?" he says. "I do," says th' young man. P'rhaps, with all th' certyfied checks, 'twas two rale people that was marrid; an', if that's so, it explains th' prisince iv Farther Murphy.

As delicate pathos as lies in Riley's "Nothing to Say" is found in the sketch of the wedding of Shaugnessy's only daughter:

"Him an' me sat a long time smokin' across th' stove. Fin'lly, says I, 'Well,' I says. 'I must be movin'.' 'What's th' hurry?' says he. 'I've got to go,' says I. 'Wait a moment,' says he. 'Theresa 'll'— He stopped right there f'r a minyit, holdin' to th' back iv th' chair. 'Well', says he, 'if ye've got to go, ye must,' he says. 'I'll show ye out,' he says. An' he come with me to th' dure, holdin' th' lamp over his head. I looked back at him as I wint by; an' he was settin' be th' stove, with his elbows on his knees an' th' empty pipe between his teeth."

Hobson is thus characterized:

"On th' flure iv th' 'Merrimac,' in his light undherclothes, Loot Hobson was a sthrong, foolish man. On th' stage iv th' Audjitooroom, bein' caressed be women that 'd kiss th' Indyun in front iv a see-gar sthore, if he didn't carry a tommyhawk, he's still foolish, but not sthrong."

The sketch "On Hanging Aldermen" is the result of years of thought and experience. No man knows our local conditions and their causes more thoroughly. The alderman's first step in street railway "business:"

"'Tis not, Hinnissy, that this man Yerkuss goes up to an aldherman an' says out sthraight, 'Here, Bill, take this bundle, an' be an infaymous scoundhrel.' 'Tis a good thing f'r th' comp'nies,' says this man; 'but look what they've done f'r th' city,' he says, 'an' think,' he says, 'iv th' widdies an' orphans,' he says, 'that has their har-rd-earned coin invisted,' he says. An' a tear rolled down his cheek. He begun to feel sorrowful f'r th' widdies an' orphans. 'Poor things!' says he to himself, says he. 'Poor things, how they must suffer!' he says; 'an' I need th' money.'

"Now, Hinnisy, that there man niver knowed he was bribed—th' first time. Th' second time he knew. He ast f'r it. An' I wudden't hang Dochney. I wudden't if I was sthrong enough. But some day I'm goin' to let me temper r-run away with me, an' get a comity together, an' go out an' hang ivry dam widdy an' orphan between th' rollin' mills an' th' fonudlin's' home. If it wasn't f'r thim raypechious crathers, they'd be no boodle annywhere."

On some phases of the theater and a first impression of "Cyrano:"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I ain't much on th' theayter. I niver wint to wan that I didn't have to stand where I cud see a man in blue overalls scratchin' his leg just beyant where the heeroyne was prayin' on th' palace stairs." * * * "Ye don't like me nose. It's an ilicthric light globe. Blow it out. It's a Swiss cheese. Cut it off if ye want to. It's a brick in a hat. Kick it. It's a balloon. Hang a basket on it, an' we'll have an' ascinsion. It's a dure-bell knob. Ring it. It's a punchin' bag. Hit it, if ye dahr. F'r two pins I'd push in th' face iv ye."

Rudyard Kipling:

"What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is right off th' bat, like me con-versations with you, me boy. He's a minyit-man, a r-ready pote that sleeps like th' dhriver iv thruck 9, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed, an' him r-ready to jump out an' slide down th' pole th' minyit th' alarm sounds. He's prisident iv th' Pome Supply Company,—fr-esh pothry delivered ivry day at yer'er dure. Is there an accident in a grain illyvator? Ye pick up ye'er mornin' pa-aper, an' they'se a pome about it be Roodyard Kipling. Do ye hear iv a manhole cover bein' blown up? Roodyard is there with his r-ready pen. 'Tis written iv Cashum-Cadi an' th' book iv th' gr-reat Gazelle that a manhole cover in anger is tin degrees worse thin hell.' He writes in all dialets an' anny language, plain an' fancy pothry, pothry f'r young an' old."

From Reed's visit to McKinley at Jekyl Island:

"Tom," says Mack, in faltherin' accints, "where have ye been? F'r days an' days I've skinned yon blue horizon f'r apny sign iv ye," he says. "An' ye come not," he says. "I didn't think I cud miss ye so," he says. "Embrace me," he says, "if ye ar-re not ar-rmed," he says. "Mack," says me frind Tom Reed, with tears in his eyes, "this," he says, "is the happiest moment iv me life," he says. "I cudden't," he says, "I cudden't stay in Wash'nton," he says, "with you so far away," he says, "where I cudden't watch ye," he says. "Ye're th' on'y man in th' wurruld I care f'r," he says, "but meself," he says. "An'," he says, "I'd fall weepin' on ye'er shoulder this minyit," he says; "but I don't want to be disrayspectful be turnin' me back on Mishter Hanna," he says.

Mr. McKinley offers to abdicate in favor of Mr. Reed:

"I thank ye kindly, Willum; but I cannot accept ye'er gin'rous offer," he says. "Go back to th' cell," he says, "an' slave like a convict," he says. "I will not rob me frind," he says, "iv such an honor. But," he says, "tell me whin ye thought iv throwin' up th' job, an' lavin' me br-reak into this hateful prison," he says. "About th' year two thousan' an' eight, dear frind," says Mack. "No, no," says Tom Reed.

As Mr. Reed departs:

Says Mack: "Ar-ren't ye tired iv ye'er long journey?" he says. "Wudden't ye like to take a bath in th' shark pond befure ye go?" he says. An' so they backed away fr'm each other, th' tears rollin' down their cheeks. Frindship, Hinissy, is a sacred thing.

From "The Dreyfus Case." Mr. Dooley addresses the court:

"I come from a land where injustice is unknown, where every man is akel before the law, but some are betther thin others, behind it, where th' accused always has a fair thrile ayether," I says, "in th' criminal coort or at th' coroner's inquest," I says. "I have just been in another counthry where such conduct as we've witnessed here wud be unknown at a second thrile," I says, "because they have no second thriles," I says. "We Anglo-Saxons ar-re th' salt iv th' earth, an' don't ye f'rget it, boys. All our affairs ar-re in ordher. We convict no innocent men an' very few guilty wans, perjury is unknown amongst us, we have no military scandals, an' our private life is beyond rebuke. So we have th' time an' th' inclination to study th' vile offences iv our neighbors, an' give thim advice free iv cost."

A delicate touch concerning "Evidence:"

"I object to thim bein' sworn," says Matther Blamange.

"They must be sworn," says th' prisident. "How th' divvle can they perjure thimsilves if they ain't sworn? An' who ar-re ye, annyhow?"

What we can do for the Philippines:

"An' we'll sind th' gr-reat Gin-ral Eagan over f'r to larn ye etiquette, an' Andhrew Carnegie to larn ye pathriteism with blow-holes into it, an' Gin-ral Alger to larn ye to hould onto a job; an', whin ye've become edycated an' have all th' blessin's iv civilization that we don't want, that'll count ye one. We can't give ye anny votes, because we haven't more thin enough to go round now; but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childher if we haev to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies. So come to our ar-rms," says we.

WILLIAM KENT.

A Preaching Age.

The writer does not like old books, just because they are old; but he was tired of novelties, and even of novels, and so picked up once more that delicious book, George McDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood"—opening at this passage, "In fact I don't

like argument, and I don't care for the victory. If I had my own way I would not argue at all. I would spend my energy in setting forth what I believe to be true, and leave it to work its own way." However, I had just come from a round of Summer Chautauquas, and had had a surfeit of logic. In fact, I had been preached at, and into, until I bore a close likeness to a barrel full of old sermons; or perhaps a basket of rejected articles would be a better simile—for in fact my soul had refused to accept nearly every one of these deliverances. It was impossible to get a cosy nook among the ferns without a croaker began at my ear as persistently as the croakers in the pool below. If one did but snooze, or swing in a hammock, a world-converting hobbyist fluttered down on you, to buzz and drone, and irritate. Socrates called himself a gadfly. Now one could stand a single gadfly, even to buzz on anti-expansion, or two meals a day, but imagine fifty Socrates trotting about after you, waylaying you at the corners, and at the dinner table, peppering your soup and mint sauce with moral arrogance. It is not at all likely you would become a Plato, or even an Alcibiades.

So it was that McDonald's words sent a delicious thrill through me. I thank the Lord that my editorial soul had escaped the Chautauqua Plazas, and under my own vines and apple-trees could grow placid—with no one to throw in pebbles even—that is without my permission. There is no living with comfort without one can create a retreat—a cell for one's own undisturbed thinking. Bless the Lord for a real home! bless the Lord for locks and keys, and for distance, what little there is left of it, in these days of trolleys and electric plants. What will one do if the Roentgen ray be followed by an invention for seeing right through one's body and reading his thoughts? What if some meddlesome discoverer invent a way of seeing through oak and iron, as you do through glass? Just now they cannot—at least I think not—and so have a comfortable sense of seclusion; although I confess at being startled by every breath of wind, for fear that some creature has found me. Why cannot they "Just spend their energy and leave it to work its own way."

This has led me to ask the question, "Does the world need so much preaching?" Is not much of our present confusion due to the fact that most of the auditors have gone into the pulpits? Governor Rollins frets because in his state the country churches have run down. People will not go to church as they used to do, and the little meeting-houses are closed up. The governor thinks that as a consequence morals have also declined. The former proposition is true; but the latter is not. There is not only a decline of the country church, but of the country tavern; and the country brawl, and vulgarities; and there has been a vast improvement of the old-time stupidities and ignorance, as well as the bigotries and narrowness. The postal service is wonderfully increasing the intellectual opportunities of the more outlying sections. One hundred daily newspapers go where formerly a single weekly was passed about the neighborhood. Magazines like the "Atlantic," "McClure" and "Century," have driven out the malignant yellow literature. Now comes the telephone, to connect a dozen farmhouses into close sociality, and in turn with the trade centers. There is nothing to hinder music and reading through a circuit of ten miles. Plainly enough we cannot go back to reconstruct old times, and re-animate the little meeting-houses; but we can go ahead to a better intellectual and moral fellowship.

Preaching still has a grand place in the world, when it comes from a grandly illuminated soul; or even from a small spring of unusual limpidity and life refreshment. But preaching, simply as preaching, does not fill the same place in the soul's requirement or in worship that it did fifty years ago. To insist on the retention of old methods is questionable wisdom. Shorter sermons have been accepted as a necessity. Perhaps we shall come to see that fewer sermons, altogether, will make the public service of the future more helpful to the people. The time may come when the Sabbath service will involve a more practical conference, in which the pastor and the people shall discuss the vital needs and troubles of the hour. This will be no more radical than the changes in business establishments, and our general home life. Why may we not come to a service in which the minister shall not draw a bow at a venture, but confer heart to heart with his people? We are confident that—reverting to our editorial duplexity—that something of this sort will surely unfold itself. We still need and ever shall need the mighty words of a George McDonald, of a Phillips Brooks, of the Collyers; and all the same we shall need the heartfulness of the loving shepherd. But tens of thousands of formal sermons may be greatly reduced in number, and merged in a service of fellowship, more fully adjusted to the special needs of the age. The twentieth century has new lessons for us—why not also new ways to keep the church near the heart of the people?

E. P. POWELL.

No one truly knows happiness who has not suffered, and the redeemed are happier than the elect.—*Amiel.*

Good Poetry.

St. Michael the Weigher.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

Waking, I beheld him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they, and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men.
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began,
In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzer's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand.
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed.
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs.
Broken hearts that broke for man.
Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down.

—*James Russell Lowell*

The Sovereign Poet.

He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be;
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

—*William Watson.*

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

II.

ESDRAS I.

MEMORY TEXT: GREAT IS TRUTH, AND STRONG ABOVE ALL THINGS.—IV.: 41.

Mr. Jones said: "This lesson will bring out a little more vividly than we were able to do last year a principle of which Protestant Christendom is too ignorant, namely, that the contents and arrangement of our Protestant Bible were not fixed and closed until the sixteenth century and that it was then made in such a manner that our collection does not agree with the older collections of the Catholic church. There are two old collections of these Hebrew writers. One of them is called the Septuagint, and is often represented by the symbol 'LXX.' The legend tells us that this translation was made by seventy-two scholars in Alexandria; that each one went into a cell by himself, that each made a translation, and that each was so guided by the Almighty that when they laid their translations side by side they agreed exactly, every word and syllable. This is the Greek version, made in Alexandria about 285 B. C., when Greek was the dominant language, not only of the Gentiles, but of the Jews themselves. In this version we come upon the Chronicles, then in succession the book of Esther, then the apocryphal books of Tobit, Judith, Esdras, then our book of Ezra, and further along the book of Nehemiah. In that collection the books of Tobit and Judith, the last part of Esther and the book of Esdras stand just as solidly as do the books of Jonah and Ecclesiastes in the Bible, making, as you see, considerable variation in the two versions. The other standard version of the Catholic Church is known as the Vulgate. During the fifth century A. D., when Latin had become the language of culture and civilization, there grew up a need of a Latin version and another translation was made, about which gathers another group of legends. This is the basis of the Catholic scriptures. The Douay Bible, so called because translated at Douay, in France, is simply the English translation of the Vulgate. Here, again, the arrangement is different. In the Vulgate we find, first, the two books of Chronicles, as in the Greek version, and tucked in here is the prayer of Manasses, which is left out of our Bible and the Greek. Then comes our book of Ezra under the name of Esdras, the Latin way of spelling the Hebrew name. In the Latin Bible there are four books of Esdras; one is our book of Ezra, the second our book of Nehemiah, then Esdras III. and IV.; then follow Tobit, Judith and Esther. Here we have five titles 'canonical' in the Vulgate and 'uncanonical' in the Protestant Bible, and again three titles 'canonical' in the Septuagint and 'non-canonical' in our Bible. On the one hand we find legislative 'inspirations' and on the other hand legislative 'non-inspirations.' We shall presently see how wooden is the distinction.

"The first book of Esdras, considered chronologically, is probably the first book in this series of non-biblical books. We shall find it very interesting as showing how these old literary treasures were handled by their contemporaries. It is practically a compilation made from the story already given us in a more or less ragged form in the books of Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah, which, as we learned last year, were practically one continuous narrative. They constitute the priestly history, just as the four books of Samuel and Kings make one continuous narrative from the prophetic point of view.

"It seems probable that someone, wanting perhaps to make up a book handy for temple uses, took, so to speak, his scissors and paste-pot and made a continuous story that seemed more intelligible for his use. We come upon it in that form in Greek and have in it what we call our first book of Esdras.

"The best thing and the only original thing in this book is the classic story found in chapters III and IV and the first six verses of Chapter V. This furnishes us with good material for Sunday-school uses. It pertains to the account of the return from Babylon under Zerubbabel, the young leader who brought back the first band, with the sanction and escort of the Persian King Cyrus, about 536 B. C. It is a story of the three young men who formed the body guard of the king. While the king was sleeping after a banquet, they fell to talking about the strongest thing in the world. They said they would each write down the one thing that he thought strongest and perhaps the king would honor the man who came nearest it. So each one wrote his sentence on a slip of paper and laid the paper under the king's pillow. The first one wrote, 'Wine is the strongest.' The second, who was perhaps a politician, wrote, 'The king is the strongest.' The third man had the advantage; he took two guesses and he worked his way up. He wrote, 'Women are strongest; but above all things, Truth beareth away the victory.'

"Now when the king woke up he called the judges and let the young men argue their cases, one for wine, one for kings, and one, first for women and then for truth. And when they were through the king told the last young man that he might ask what he would and it should be done. The young man was Zerubbabel, and his request was that the king would assist him to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple. So the king gave him letters to treasurers and governors and captains and satraps, commanding them to do for him whatever he should ask.

"This is a patriotic story, like that of Esther. It is very easy to feel that it may have been a real incident, this story of the beautiful, clean life of the young Zerubbabel, winning for himself recognition and the favor of the king that he might have assistance to go back and lead his people home.

"An interesting thing about this narrative is that, according to the scholars, it was not written until about the second century B. C. That is to say, some four hundred years after the event it relates is said to have occurred, the story took on literary form and got itself imbedded in the Greek text. The author, editor or compiler made a mistake about the king. It was not Darius at all; it must have been King Cyrus. But it is a beautiful story, and we like it, mistakes and all."

Let us be true; this is the highest maxim of art and of life, the secret of eloquence and of virtue, and of all moral authority.—*Amiel.*

The Study Table.

"Jess."*

If there has been any regular notice of "Jess" in UNITY it has escaped my attention, and I crave the privilege of writing one. Just because Mr. Jones is the editor of UNITY it does not seem to me that he is entitled to the benefit of that silence which Carlyle prized so much and made so resonant with his gigantic laughter and his seismic groans. While I like the book from end to end, no other part of it seems to me so good as the first twenty pages, which tell the story of Jess's brief career and Mr. Jones's loving fellowship with her, so full of mutual understanding and communication. A few years ago we were all reading a famous horse story, "Black Beauty." I remember to have been much disappointed with it, partly because it was not what it was cracked up to be by a good deal. It is always a misfortune to be told in advance how you must be affected by a book or any work of art. Before reading "Rab and His Friends" I had been assured that a man was less than human who could read it without tears. Less than human, then, I was, for I was never drier eyed. Later a casual reading of the book completely vindicated my humanity. "Jess" came unheralded, found me with all my barriers down—came in and took possession of my heart.

I cannot exaggerate my sense of the beauty and the tenderness of this story of a man's love for a little mare and her answering affection. It made a bigger lump in my throat at the last than Mrs. Ward's "Loveliness" and should be as serviceable as that for the uses of those seeking to prevent cruelty to animals. Only for its better efficacy I think I would leave off the preachment that follows the story. It is a good preachment, but if anyone didn't get it all before they came to it they wouldn't be the wiser if one rose from the dead.

Through the following sermons, or most of them, Jess canters in and out, and items are added to her story which might well have been incorporated in it. By frankly confessing that these chapters are sermons Mr. Jones will probably narrow the circle of their appreciation. But the proverb which declares that labels are libels finds here a vivid illustration. There are sermons and sermons, and these do not reproduce the average qualities. They are as fresh as the woods and fields which they report. They are as unique as many of the situations in which the writer found himself as he and Jess went gypsying together. They reproduce vacation experiences with many a vivid touch, science and literature lending themselves without any stiffness or formality to illustrate and confirm the lessons taught by nature and humanity in their direct expression. If we have a fear it is that here was a too strenuous relaxation, that Mr. Jones was too intent upon economizing his various experiences for sermon uses; that

"Even though on pleasure bent
He had a frugal mind."

What we trust is that these experiences were at first merely enjoyed and that afterward they yielded the peaceable fruits of texts and sermons to him who was exercised thereby.

Occasionally a sentence gives us pause. We miss the inevitable word—the word that seems inevitable to us, because it was chosen so carefully. Sometimes the epigram gets the better of the truth, as here: "He who can weigh, measure and calculate the coming and going of a star is greater than the star." As if that morning star we call the sun were not potential with all the Herschels and Newtons! But, in general, nothing impresses us more than the reality and sincerity, unless it be the sympathy with all sorts of conditions of men. Once we have the conventional note, where it is said, "The gospel of Jesus was redolent of the fields." It is true, if cultivated fields are meant. But there is hardly a touch in Jesus of what we mean by Nature. Is there another besides the "lilies of the field?" There are a few bird notes but what poverty in comparison with Shakespeare's six hundred allusions. The traditional exaggeration of everything that Jesus said or did affects the freest minds. The delight of Jesus was with the sons of men, and consequently with a humanized nature. His parables are parables of domestic care and of the farmer's toil. And so are Mr. Jones's in good part. He could say with Thoreau, in his most unexpected utterance. "What is Nature if there be not an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights in which she shows most beautiful." This aspect of Mr. Jones's book reaches its acme in "A Dinner of Herbs," a mess of string beans which he shared with a newly married couple in their log cabin on the top of a divide, clear up against the sky. But the human note is never far away. I doubt if a more human book was ever written.

There is no sentimentalism here. If there is everywhere a sturdy optimism, it is an optimism that doesn't blink the hardest facts. The rapacities of Nature are reported as frankly as her amenities. Jesus said of the fowls of the air, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." The modern entomologist says the weakest of them must work from morning till night to keep their young alive and finds 1,021 eggs of the canker-worm in the stomach of a chickadee! But none of these things move Mr. Jones from his optimistic faith. "The universe will not cosset dove or man." His peace of God is "peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." It is a little matter, but the use of the text, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," for a sermon on "The Uplands of Life," seems to me a perversion. The Rock in Pslam lxi is a symbol of defense. The Polychrome Bible renders the verse, "Would'st Thou lead me up the rock that is too high for me," but the context impresses me as fatal to this meaning. And, by the way, how frequently the blunders of the old translation are more inspired than the more precisely accurate renderings of the new!

"If life is given to enrich life, if we are here to ameliorate the hard conditions, to soften prejudices, to weaken bigotries, to widen sympathies, in short, to enlarge the boundaries of life and make more beautiful this world-home of ours," as Mr. Jones contends throughout these pages, then happy are they who read them and return to them, for surely there is help in them toward the realization of these excellent ideals! And happy, too, are they who are inspired by these pages to press nearer to the heart of nature and the deeper heart of man, if haply so the best that books can teach may find such confirmation and such illustration as it cannot find in any other may.

J. W. C.

*" Jess Bits of Wayside Gospel." By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899, pp. 314. $1.50.

A New Life of Paul.*

Professor Gilbert aimed to present the biography of Paul simply and forcibly, with precise determinations of place and time, and without exposition of the Apostle's theological ideas. This aim has been successfully accomplished. Clearness, directness, distinctness mark the style and arrangement and no information is contributed which is not strictly related to the theme. It is a pleasure, also, to see in this work another proof of the domestication of historical criticism in somewhat conservative sections of the church.

* "The Student's Life of Paul." By George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899; pp. 278.

The narratives of Acts are frankly and fairly treated as human productions liable to error and in need of critical sifting. It is clear, also, that Professor Gilbert is not writing an apologetic work in retort to pronounced critical views, and his suggestions of harmony between Acts and the Pauline Epistles are in general of a reasonable nature. The book is therefore not only a good piece of workmanship, but an omen of progress.

Nevertheless, Dr. Gilbert's harmonizing propensities are rather too strong, and he assigns to Acts a more careful and accurate method than is probably warranted. The critical student of Paul will feel that the Epistles suffer for the sake of Acts. Until a fuller understanding is reached of the literary purpose of the author of Acts and of his relation to documentary sources, such a detailed biography of Paul is premature. Among the special points which awaken dissent may be mentioned his decision that Paul's martyrdom was at the end of Nero's reign, after 65. The arguments for this will not stand examination.

F. A. CHRISTIE.

The Gifford Lectures 1896-98.*

At the lowest reckoning, Prof. Ward is a masterly dialectician, and those who like the play of thought or its most vigorous gymnastic will find here something agreeable to their desires. One class of readers these pages will not make happy—those who admire Herbert Spencer and accept his views as final or as generally sound. These views have not heretofore been subjected to a criticism so drastic and so damaging as Prof. Ward's. With so many defects in his armor it is strange that Prof. Ward has considered him a foeman worthy of his steel. But Spencer has at least been paid the compliment of very wide attention from the metaphysicians and idealists of his generation. They have all felt obliged to reckon with him and they have not gone out to meet him in their holiday attire. Should it turn out ultimately that he "has had his day and ceased to be," his labor will not have been in vain. He will have elicited some of the most energetic thinking of our time and he will have forced back the metaphysical party on a position far more unassailable than that it occupied when Spencer first deployed his forces on the field.

The object of these lectures is to discuss certain assumptions of modern science which have led to a widespread, but more or less tacit, rejection of idealistic views of the world. These assumptions are no part of the general body of natural science, but ill-grounded prepossessions which are nevertheless the almost inevitable outcome of the standpoint and the premises from which natural science starts. To show that these prepossessions are groundless is the main purpose of Prof. Ward's discussion. He finds that naturalism, though rejecting materialism, abandons neither the materialistic standpoint nor the endeavor to relate the facts of life, mind and history with a mechanical scheme. The criticism of the mechanical theory is a searching one and shows that the strain upon it when it is set to account for the facts of life and mind is more than it can bear. That there are two volumes missing from Spencer's course of philosophy—volumes that were to connect inorganic with biological evolution—is a significant fact. In Darwin we find no pretense of the mechanical derivation of life and we *do* find teleological factors, implicating mind and incompatible with mere mechanism. In order to maintain the mechanical theory naturalism is obliged to resort to a dualism of mind and matter, a dualism of mere correspondence, without causal relationship, which is at once irrational and destructive of its own presuppositions.

Some of the most interesting sections of Prof. Ward's lectures are those which describe and criticize the ill-starred union between Naturalism and Agnosticism. The children born of this union, he insists, have all the materialistic squint. The final outcome of his argument cannot be stated better than in his own words: "The dualism of matter and mind, which has made the connection of body and soul an enigma to the naturalist, has rendered the converse problem, as to the perception of an external world, equally vexatious to the psychologist. It is obvious that there is no such dualism in experience itself, with which we must begin, and, reflecting upon experience as a whole, we learn how such dualism has arisen; also we see that it is false. Further, such reflection shows that the unity of experience cannot be replaced by an unknowable that is no better than a gulf between two disparate series of phenomena and noumena. Once materialism is abandoned and dualism found untenable, a spiritualistic monism remains the one stable position. It is only in terms of mind that we can see the unity, activity and regularity that nature presents. In so understanding we see that nature is spirit."

J. W. C.

*"Naturalism and Agnosticism;" the Gifford Lectures Delivered Before the University of Aberdeen in 1896-98. By James Ward, Sc. D., Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic in Cambridge University. Two volumes. Macmillan Company. 1899.

The American National Red Cross Relief Committee.

Reports from May, 1898, to March, 1899, comprised in a volume of three hundred pages, give detailed accounts from many different sources of the activities of the Red Cross societies all the way from the camps at Jacksonville and Tampa, through the field hospitals at Santiago and back to the disgraceful ending of our Cuban war record and its ineffectual hospital service at Montauk Point.

The shame and pain suffered all over the country while our soldiers were being consigned to lingering and torturing death at the hands of our commissioned incompetents is brought back to our memories with painful vividness in the pages of these reports. That the Red Cross Society by degrees succeeded in winning from the army officials recognition and co-operation in its wise, energetic and effective service for the sick was cause for deep thanksgiving to all. The successful fashion which the society inaugurated of evading governmental red tape and forwarding the necessary food, medicines and shelter to the sick before death had intervened to render their assistance useless, makes one bless the society while trying hard to forget the causes which made their work so imperative.

The graces, virtues and heroism required to administer these multiple duties is well expressed in the report of Horace F. Barnes, field agent at Porto Rico: "Three months' experience leads one to say that if a man knows how to keep a hotel, a restaurant and a refreshment stand; if he be a good grocer, dry goods man, apothecary, financier, accountant, doctor and linguist; if he have the strength of a Samson, the patience of Job and the cheerfulness of the morning lark; if he have the power to see and say little, to swear and not swear, to behold limitless suffering and be fair to all; if he be pachydermous to the shafts of malicious or ignorant critics; diplomat enough to secure universal favor, and worthy to hold it by solid merit, let him try a field agency with confidence, for in such service he will need all of these qualities."

The reports are good reading to any one contemplating warfare. No better tract could be found for the Peace Society to circulate.

Copies of this report are on sale at G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West Twenty-third street, New York.

M. H. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Commerce and industry are the best mines of the nation.
MON.—No governments ought to interfere with the internal concerns of another, except for the security of what is due to themselves.
TUES.—Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.
WED.—Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.
THURS.—Let us as a nation be just.
FRI.—The foundation of our empire was not laid in the gloomy age of ignorance and superstition.
SAT.—Arms should be the last resort.

—*George Washington.*

Sympathy.

A word of cheer in the day of need,
A noble act in the world of greed,
A gift when the giver's heart is given,
These go to make an earthly heaven!

A song for the sorrow-laden heart,
Love's balm for the loveless outcast's smart—
These are the things that will restore
Hope's fading star to earth once more!

—*Arthur E. Locke in Every Other Sunday.*

A Peculiar Friendship.

"The most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a rooster," said a traveler recently. "One day, when living on a farm in western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted. Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame, and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence and kept up a considerable fuss. This soon wore off, and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course. The bird was tied to a stake in the back yard and the fowls would go several times a day to look at him. One rooster, more courageous than the rest, concluded to get acquainted with the enemy. In some way they succeeded in communicating together and establishing a bond of friendship. They were constantly together, and after the hawk's wounds had healed and he was liberated, he would spend a portion of each day with his friend the rooster, paying no attention to the other chickens. In some way he must have told the other hawks that our flock was under his especial care, for we were never troubled with them afterward, although before that we had lost a great many chickens."—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

Marjorie Gray's Red-Letter Day.

Marjorie Gray and her cousin Anna were sure no place could be found where the air was purer, the sky fairer or the ocean more grand than at Nantucket, the "Purple Island," as it is often called, from the soft haze that rests upon it.

How diminutive the little strip of land had seemed when they studied their geography, but after that summer "Nantucket" meant a whole volume, whose beginning and end told of jolly good times.

They had always supposed they knew what picnics were, but decided they had to go to Nantucket to learn that there were "picnics" and "picnics."

Early in the season they started out one morning, with four friends, for a ride in a "box-wagon," a vehicle native to Nantucket, which the owner said "warn't intended for six. They'd have ter set snug. Four was the rule."

"No rule without an exception," Marjorie exclaimed, good-naturedly. "We'll drive very slowly and carefully."

If she had been as well acquainted at the beginning of the day as at the close with the animal that was to be driven, she would have felt how wisely she had spoken.

Up and down, jogging along over the soft moors gay with their carpets of wild flowers that grow in such profusion in this favored land. Now they jostled into one another, as some unsuspected ruts in the roads awaited them. Their hair tossed in the merry breezes, and all the air echoed with their peals of laughter, that frightened the little warblers who sang most of the year to a quiet world of sea and shore. Was there ever such a ride as that?

When the gay party turned homeward, the lunch baskets were empty, but their hearts full of the sunshine and freshness of the moors. This would have been voted the red-letter picnic day, had it not been for an invitation that came one July morning for the girls to join a sailing party to Coatue, the shining strip of land whose shores had often attracted Marjorie and her friend.

After a brisk sail in the harbor the party made a landing, and produced the lunch baskets that proved large enough to suit even a seashore appetite. Then followed a stroll along the beach, while others lounged idly, listening to the lapping waves. The younger members of the party wandered away from the others and were just going to the other side of the shore, when a sudden shout from Marjorie made them retrace their steps.

"Oh, come here, and see what I have found! What is it? I never saw anything like it."

The girls hastened to their companion, who knelt amid the waving grass, gazing at the most wonderful flower they had ever seen.

It seemed to spring from the beach sand as if by magic. The green rind that served as stem and leaf was covered with prickly thorns, whose points were cruelly directed toward the young enthusiasts.

But who would not be bold with such a prize within reach? What matter if the hands were pricked as if by thousands of invisible pins. There stood the queen of the shore, dressed in the fairest of gold! Words seem powerless to describe Marjorie's sensations when she found this wonderful flower. Her cries of delight brought other members of the party, among them a distinguished lady botanist, who said:

"Why, that is the cactus, or prickly pear! It is very rare in our bleak New England, but seems to have chosen this lonely spot for its abiding place."

Although not founded on a rock, Marjorie found great difficulty in taking the cactus from its chosen home, but when she at last placed one of the graceful blossoms in her lunch basket she went home in triumph, and decided, after all, that this was her red-letter picnic day.—*Lucretia M. Gardner, in "Every Other Sunday."*

Educators seek to impress us with the amount learned in a child's first three years of life, but who can calculate the lessons of the spirit taught to parents by the little ones?—*A. B. K.*

Our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Illinois Unitarian Conference.—The twenty-fifth annual conference of Illinois Unitarian and other independent societies convened at Bloomington, October 24 and 25. Rev. C. F. Elliott of Hinsdale preached the annual sermon, taking for his theme the "Peak of the Load." It was an able and eloquent plea for that reserve force and energy in the individual and community that will carry both over the emergencies and hard places in human life. The reports from the churches on Wednesday morning showed a healthy growth and prosperous condition for most of the churches within the limits of the conference. Rev. E. E. Carr of Danville was present and reported having launched his new Unitarian movement in Danville on Sunday, October 22, with an attendance of between eight and nine hundred people. He feels the outlook there is promising for a good strong church within a year. Rev. F. C. Southworth, the new Western secretary, gave the greetings of the Western Conference, and mapped out a broad and comprehensive campaign for missionary work in the West. Rev. Paul Frothingham of New Bedford, Mass., presented the greetings of the A. U. A. and won the hearts of the conference by his eloquent and common sense plea for practical and applied religion that lifts the life of the individual and the community. Rev. C. E. Park of Geneva gave a careful and discriminating paper on the use of pictures in Sunday school and the use of lantern slides for the Sunday evening service, giving as his verdict that these helps, where wisely used, may be of great practical value in religious instruction. Prof. Geo. P. Brown of Bloomington gave a learned and academic paper on the "Psychology of Suggestion," which in its practical application was a scientific explanation of the varied phenomenon of faith cure, mind healing, etc. But the climax of the conference was reached in the able address of Rev. W. W. Fenn on the "Rise of Unitarianism," illustrated by a large number of pictures thrown upon the canvas. The lecture was a painstaking research into the beginnings of liberal religious thought in England and Holland, then coming to this country through the Pilgrims and the Puritans, and then following the main stream with its many side tributaries down to our own day. It was an eloquent and thrilling chapter of religious history, fraught with great missionary possibilities for all our churches. The conference voted to raise $375 to aid Rev. E. E. Carr in his missionary work at Danville. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Rev. W. M. Backus, Streator; vice-president, Rev. J. H. Mueller, Bloomington; secretary, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, Geneseo; treasurer, Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo; member of the missionary council, Rev. T. P. Byrnes; board of directors, Mrs. Clara G. Forbes, Champaign; Rev. C. P. Woolley, Chicago; Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago; missionary committee, Rev. W. M. Backus, Rev. Geo. R. Gebauer, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, Rev. W. W. Fenn. T. B. BYRNES, *Secretary.*

Chicago.—Professor Frederick Starr is giving a series of lectures on "The American Indians," on Sunday nights at the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church. A Browning class of one hundred and twenty-five members has been organized in this parish. Browning has just reached them. Mr. White preached last Sunday on "The Universalists' Creed," in which he rejoiced on account of its simplicity and universality, but chiefly on the fact that it was not binding. A creed that is not binding is not a creed in any ecclesiastical sense whatsoever, as we have often maintained in our editorial columns. If the Universalist church is now a creedless church, as Mr. White claims, then it faces the public needs and is one more step in the direction of a people's church, pledged to the community in which it works more than to the denomination whose name it wears and whose inspirations perhaps gave it breath.

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Books Received.

"Millennial Dawn," Vol. 5. The At-One-Ment between God and Man. Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.

"The Miracles of Missions," Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London.

"Peggy," by Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston.

"Philosophic Nuggets," gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 40 cents.

"The Art of Living Alone," by Amory H. Bradford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Development of the English Novel," by Wilbur L. Cross. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

"The Revelation of Jesus; A Study of the Primary Sources of Christianity," by George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D. D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

"The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria," by Frances Guard, with 54 portraits and illustrations. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. New York. $3.50.

"Principles of Public Speaking," by Guy Carleton Lee, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University. G. P. Putnams' Sons, New York.

My Psalm.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of the heart
I open to the day.

—*John G. Whittier.*

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All workers in the Sunday Schools of Sinai and Isaiah Congregations, Stewart Avenue Universalist Church and All Souls Church will be admitted free. Course tickets good for the twenty-four sessions, two dollars; single admission, twenty-five cents.

The course is designed as a normal class for parents and teachers and it is expected that those who enroll themselves will procure a revised version of the Apocrypha and as many more of the books referred to as possible, and that they will aim to be regular in their attendance.

The Secretaries named below will be glad to confer with members of their respective congregations, to enroll those desiring to join the class and as soon as a sufficient number is pledged, to issue tickets, collect the fees and announce dates.

Together the Secretaries will constitute a committee to have charge of the whole course, to serve as a committee on hospitality and in every other way within their power to advance the interest in the studies.

The following is a list of topics. The initials following topics indicates the leader for the evening.

- - - - TOPICS - - - -

HISTORICAL

1. Nov. 10. Introductory. (H)
2. " 17. The Persian Ascendancy. (J)
3. " 24. The Greek Invasion and Conquest. (W)
4. Dec. 1. The Septuagint and Other Versions. (S)
5. " 8. The Egyptian Domination—The Ptolemies. (J)
6. " 15. The Syrian Domination and the Strike for Liberty—The Seleucidae and Maccabees. (S)
7. " 22. The Asmonean Rulers. (H)
8. " 29. The Roman Ascendancy. (W)

ECCLESIASTICAL

1900.

9. Jan. 5. The Story of the Second Temple and its Ritual. (S)
10. " 12. The Synagogue, Sanhedrin and School. (S)
11. " 19. The Scribe and Rabbi. (S)
12. " 26. The Sects. (H)

LITERARY

13. Feb. 2. Wisdom Series:—Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom of Solomon, Jesus the son of Sirach. (W)
14. Feb. 9. The Psalms of the Period. (J)
15. " 16. Romances:—Esther, Tobit, Judith, etc. (J)
16. " 23. Daniel. (W)
17. Mch. 2. Enoch. (H)
18. " 9. Fragments from the Jewish Literary Workshop; Baruch, Prayer of Manasses, etc. (J)
19. " 16. Philo and other Hellenistic Literature —Alexandria. (W)
20-22. "23-30, Apr. 6. The Talmud Origin and Growth. (H)
23. Apr. 13. Josephus. (S)
24. " 20. Review. (J)

REFERENCES

The Apocrypha (Revised Version).
Pseudepigrapha by W. J. Deane.
Bissell's Commentary on the Aprocryphal in the Lange Series.
Churton's Uncanonical and Apocrypha Scriptures.
Cheyne's Jewish Religious Life after the Exile.
Cornill's History of the People of Israel.
Montefiore's Bible for Home Reading. Part II.
Toy's Judaism and Christianity.
The Messages of the Later Prophets by Sanders and Kent.
Toy's Quotation in the New Testament.
Rodkinson's Edition of the Talmud.
Talmudic Miscellany by P. I. Hershon.
History of the Hebrews' Second Commonwealth by Dr. Isaac M. Wise.
The Bible for Learners.
Religion of Israel by Knappert.
Kuenan's Religion of Israel. Volume III.
Any Standard History of the Jews such as Schurer's, Graetz's, Renan's, etc. etc.

A fuller Biography is in preparation. Books will be ordered and further information given by either of the undersigned.

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The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimabel which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

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At home I rested calm,
Oblivious of my quest;
Extending Friendship's palm,
Love entered as my guest.

And when Love thought me fair,
On soul he left such trace
That now I find love everywhere:
See Love in every face.

—*Hanson Wentworth.*

HOW WE USE UP THE FORESTS.

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Unity Enclosures No. I.

THE EDITORIAL ON

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IN ISSUE OF AUGUST 31, 1899.

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Till knowledge, art and gladness be as free
As sunlight, and the gulf twixt lord and slave,
The coarse and fine of manners, garb and speech
Sunder our lives no more,—this oath to take
Then back into the tumult and the wrong,
And mend it in God's name!

—*Alfred Hays.*

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2. The Original Bible.
3. Bible and History.
4. Bible and Prophecy.
5. Beliefs About God.
6. Messianic Expectations.
7. The Time of Jesus and the Influences of Jesus on His Time.
8. How the New Testament Grew.
9. The Bible as Poetry and Literature. A Review.

Of the many commendatory words received from the READERS OF UNITY, the following are typical:

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns who copy our advertisements, offering unknown machines under various names, with various inducements. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are reliable and who are not.

THE BURDICK has every MODERN IMPROVEMENT, EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE DEFECTS OF NONE. Made by the best makers in America, from the best material money can buy.

This shows the machine closed and used as a center table, stand or desk.

SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, piano polished. One illustration shows machine closed (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing. 4 fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on four casters, adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully nickel trimmed. **GUARANTEED** the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 20-Years' Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $60.00, and then if convinced that you are saving $25.00 to $40.00, pay your freight agent the $15.50. WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.**

TEN CENT PAMPHLETS BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

No Sex in Crime.	Great Hopes for Great Souls.
The Intellectual Life.	The Selfishness of Grief.
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Ten Great Novels, 10 cents. Ten Noble Poems, 25 cents.

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The organ of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

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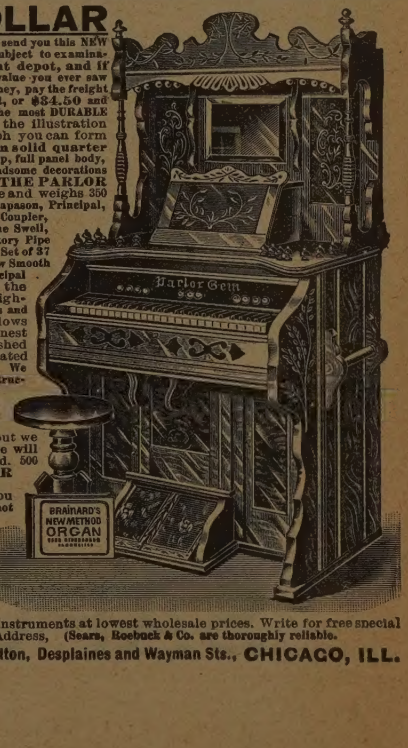
SEND US ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00, and we will send you this NEW IMPROVED PARLOR GEM ORGAN, by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if you find it exactly as represented, the greatest value you ever saw and far better than organs advertised by others at more money, pay the freight agent OUR PRICE $35.50, less the $1.00 deposit, or $34.50 and freight charges. **THE PARLOR GEM** is one of the most DURABLE AND SWEETEST TONED instruments ever made. From the illustration shown, which is engraved direct from a photograph you can form some idea of its beautiful appearance. Made from solid quarter sawed oak or walnut as desired, perforated key slip, full panel body, beautiful marquetry design panels and many other handsome decorations and ornaments, making it the VERY LATEST STYLE. **THE PARLOR GEM** is 6 feet high, 42 inches long, 23 inches wide and weighs 350 pounds. Contains 5 octaves, 11 stops, as follows: Diapason, Principal, Dulciana, Melodia, Celeste, Cremona, Bass Coupler, Treble Coupler, Diapason Forte and Vox Humana; 2 Octave Couplers, 1 Tone Swell, 1 Grand Organ Swell, 4 Sets of Orchestral Toned Resonatory Pipe Quality Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Pure Sweet Melodia Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Charmingly Brilliant Celeste Reeds, 1 Set of 24 Rich Mellow Smooth Diapason Reeds, 1 Set of Pleasing Soft Melodious Principal Reeds. **THE PARLOR GEM** action consists of the Celebrated Newell Reeds, which are only used in the highest grade instruments; fitted with Hammond Couplers and Vox Humana, also best Dolge felts, leathers, etc., bellows of the best rubber cloth, 3-ply bellows stock and finest leather in valves. **THE PARLOR GEM** is furnished with a 10x14 beveled plate French mirror, nickel plated pedal frames, and every modern improvement. We furnish free a handsome organ stool and the best organ instruction book published.



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. With every PARLOR GEM ORGAN we issue a written binding 25-year guarantee, by the terms and conditions of which if any part gives out we repair it free of charge. Try it one month and we will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. 500 of these organs will be sold at **$35.50. ORDER AT ONCE. DON'T DELAY.**

OUR RELIABILITY IS ESTABLISHED If you have not dealt with us ask your neighbor about us, write the publisher of this paper or Metropolitan National Bank, or Corn Nat. Bank, of Chicago; or German Exchange Bank, New York; or any railroad or express company in Chicago. We have a capital of over $700,000.00, occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago, and employ nearly 2,000 people in our own building. WE SELL ORGANS AT $22.00 and up; PIANOS, $115.00 and up; also everything in musical instruments at lowest wholesale prices. Write for free special organ, piano and musical instrument catalogue. Address, (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., **CHICAGO, ILL.**

The Jones Umbrella "Roof"

Measure from Tip to Tip or Rib
Put on in One minute. No Sewing
Fits any Frame.
$1.00 for a new UNION TWILLED SILK "Adjustable Roof"

Cover Your Own Umbrella

Don't throw away your old one—make it new for $1.00. Re-covering only takes one minute. No sewing. A clumsy man can do it as well as a clever woman.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. **Send us $1 and we will mail you, PREPAID, a Union Twilled Silk, 26-inch "Adjustable Roof" (28-inch, $1.25; 30-inch, $1.50). If the "Roof" is not all you expected, or hoped for, return AT OUR EXPENSE and get your money back by return mail—no questions asked.**

WHAT TO DO.—Take the measure (in inches, of your old umbrella. Count the number of outside ribs. State if the center rod is of steel or wood. Full instructions for putting on the cover will be sent with all orders. Our special price list of different sizes and qualities mailed on request.

Send for our *free* book "Umbrella Economy" anyway. Your umbrella will wear out *some day* and you will be glad that you know about

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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A REGULAR $5.00 WATER-PROOF MACKINTOSH for $2.75 SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast, taken over vest under coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any coat you can buy for $5.00, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $2.75, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1900 style, easy fitting, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth; full length, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed seams. Suitable for both Rain or Overcoat, and guaranteed GREATEST VALUE ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from $5.00 to $10.00, write for FREE SAMPLE BOOK No. 90E. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Inc.) CHICAGO.
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Excellent Fall Fishing and Hunting

In Northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, reached via the Northwestern Line. Low rate tourist tickets on sale with favorable return limits. Best of train service. For tickets and descriptive pamphlet, apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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The best cure for Cough, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Inward Pains and the ills of the Feeble and Aged. Combining the most active medicines with Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies, and is in fact the most revitalizing, life-giving combination ever discovered. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Debility, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging many to the grave who would recover health by its timely use.